

# Is a Playa

Pimp C

Uhh  
Hold up  
Comin' down  
Hold up  
Mm  
Smoke somethin'

Lately he been flippin' and, stayin' on the grind  
Tellin' you that you fine, but he ain't spendin' no time  
I be pourin' wine, tryin' to, knock out your spine  
Make you mine, from behind, to some slowed down "Bump n' Grind"  
His thang like a dirty Sweet, from off the street  
My thang like a O' of indo, from Sacramento  
Lately y'all been monkeyin', he, call you a bitch  
Keep me all up in yo' shit, tryina dig you a new ditch  
Now I admit, that he rich, and that his money is good  
Got my dick sucked in his 'Six, I'm fuckin' on leather and wood  
I'm just a yougin' from the hood, with some dick if ya good  
With him, you know that you shouldn't  
With me, you know that you should  
Go pussy thug, like a glove when I push and I shove  
Knock a dime out the climb, cause I ain't makin' love  
See yo' man the type of guy, to get jealous and hit'cha  
But me, I lick ya where he don't, and suck real hard on yo' nipple  
My game is sharp as a cicle, she love my pickle  
And if you gave her a dime, nigga she gave me a nickle  
So while you thinkin', she done jet, she got my dick on her mind  
Keep on neglectin' yo' gal, young Pimp C be spendin' yo' time  
Time

It's, liike  
Sooome-thing's goin' wrong  
Something's goin' wrong

Guess, we've  
Been apart, too long  
Beeeen, aaa-paart

Well naturally, I have to be, dead serious, maybe not  
Let me tell a tale about this broad that thought she played me out  
Yes, I was impressed, by the sex in her ass  
W-U-I-S her, Versacci, down like Fran, dress her, bless her heart  
She was a sweet-tart, but'cha never understood her point in our duo  
Talkin' smart with' all that "you know", comin' with' he-say, she-say  
From what she heard at the club, bout some chick that I had played on  
Well bitch, you should have stayed home  
She mad cause I done told her girl off, but the bitch was wrong, and you  
You gon' let these messy ho's fuck yo' world off  
I tried to love her man, but see love is one thang, and dumb is anotha  
Brotha, I'd be dumb to let her run thangs  
I should've passed, but I was gassed, super-unleaded  
And her nappy-headed ass gon' regret it, remember I said it  
Cause I'm, in a sublime, new state and frame of mind  
Cause it'd be a crime, for me to waste my time  
My time

It's, liike

Sooome-thing's goin' wrong  
Something's gooooooin' wrong

Guess, we've  
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Did you ever think about who's ass ya girl's was  
Before the booty had became yours?  
If a nigga's sane flows, you know everythang goes  
Fuckin' in it til' it's colorful as rainbows  
Sportin' furry Kango's, she can't go, rockin' paid shows  
Paper hard to fold, plus I roll slick, keep talkin' shit  
If you don't like me, it's most like-ly, cause I done holla'd at yo bitch  
Why she so thick? Tellin' lies and ya said to be believin' 'em  
But I make her feel like "Uh-huh", can you do it? "Uh-huh"  
But when I scoup her up, she know that I'm the one to make a slut-cum  
Gotta man, he a lame anyway, mother-fuck that stuff  
Mad cause I snuck that love, baby don't bust that slug  
So go on head roll up that bud, so we can fuck  
So wassup? Now we in the Suburb', submerged, watch a movie  
Or bumpin' U-G, K shit, scoop a bitch or hit the booty  
How the man, yea I knew g, but she don't usually, say shit  
Cause the pussy make a motherfucka wanna ball up and cry  
Chicka-pow-pow, I love them thighs when I'm rollin' aside  
I ain't gon' up and die, like the guy that we got high  
Take away more than two hits, two blows  
She heard my new shit, it was new clothes  
New golds, carefully Herringbones, and cell-phones  
But her friend home, now I'm freakin' two ho's  
If ya girl be with' me, somethin' nifty, she prob'ly wanna lick me  
I'm the Twista, I flame a ho pissy drunk and drippy  
Damn skippy, gamin' it from a shot of Mississippi, now pimp on

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